

TWO OF THE SEASON'S PROSPECTIVE FAVORITES



MISS ANNE WOODWARD.

Who has gone upon the vaudeville stage.

Miss Woodward is a daughter of C. B. Woodward of St. Louis. Her debut was made with the Castle Square Opera Company in St. Louis two seasons ago. She sang the part of Michaelina in "Faust." Last season May Irwin secured her services and gave her small parts. Two weeks ago she joined Wilfred Clarke's vaudeville company in Chicago, and will be seen at the Columbia to-morrow afternoon. The above photograph was taken in Tower Grove Park.

ANECDOTES RELATED IN AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY

SOME OF THE STORIES TOLD BY A. J. C. HARE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.
Augustus J. C. Hare's autobiography is rich in anecdotes. The principals who figure in them are lords, ladies, Kings, Queens, Bishops, Lord Chancellors, Dukes and men of letters. Here are some of the stories:

Lord Chancellor Outgeneraled.
A clergyman desirous of a living went to the Bishop of London and asked him for an introduction to the Lord Chancellor, Thurlow.

The Bishop said: "I should be willing to give it, but an introduction from me would defeat the very end you have in view."

However, the clergyman persisted in his request, and the introduction was given. The Lord Chancellor received him with fury, "So that damned scoundrel the Bishop of London has given you an introduction; as it is he who has introduced you, you will certainly not get the living!"

"Well, so the Bishop said, my lord," replied the clergyman. "Did the Bishop say so?" thundered Lord Thurlow. "Then he's a damned liar, and I'll prove him so; you shall have the living!" And the man got it.

When Lord Thurlow Laid an Egg.
At Arundel the guests were astonished by the butler coming in one day abruptly and saying to the Duke: "May it please your Grace, Lord Thurlow has laid an egg."

It was one of the owls which existed at Arundel till the time of the present owner. Lord Thurlow's daughter, going around their cage in the wall, had stopped opposite one of them, and, looking at the blinking bird, said: "Why, he's just like papa."

The bird was ever after called Lord Thurlow.

A King and a Wit.
George the Fourth, as Prince Regent, we learn, was very charming when he was not drunk, but he generally was.

He asked Curran to dinner one day to amuse him. Curran was up to it and sat silent all through dinner. This irritated the

Prince, and at last, after dinner, when he had had a good deal too much, he filled a glass with wine and threw it in Curran's face with: "Say something funny, can't you?" Curran, without moving a muscle, threw his own glass of wine in his neighbor's face, saying: "Pass his Royal Highness's joke."

Bernadotte and His Queen.
Of the old Queen of Sweden this story is related:

She was furious at the appointment of Bernadotte, and would have nothing to do with him; at which people congratulated rather, because if she had seen him, they said, she would certainly have killed him.

But at last she seemed to get tired of her estrangement, and she invited Bernadotte to a banquet. He was delighted—so glad to be friends; but as he was going to her palace a paper was put into his hands inscribed—by whom he never knew—with the words: "If she offers you food or drink, as you value your life, refuse it." He arrived and the Queen was most affable—courteous and kind.

After dinner a cup of coffee was brought on a golden salver, and with the most exquisite grace, the Queen offered it to Bernadotte. He was just about to drink it when he remembered the warning, and he returned it to her, saying: "Apres vous, madame."

The Queen turned deathly pale, looked him full in the face, and drank it. Next day Stockholm was agitated with terrible news. The Queen Dowager had died in the night.

The Head on the Floor.
Lord Grey was fond of relating this story of the death, in a court in Edinburgh, of a naval Captain who had been noted for his cruelties at sea, but especially in the slave trade.

Mental terror made his deathbed most appalling. According to Scottish custom, the family opened the door for the spirit to pass more easily, when, to their horror, the

bloody head of a black man suddenly rolled into the room. The dying man gave the most fearful scream and his relatives rushed to his bedside. When they looked around the head was gone, but there was fresh blood upon the floor. To them it seemed inexplicable, but the fact was that Professor Owen had been attending an anatomical session at which the body of a black man had been dissected, and there was something so curious in the way in which the head had been attached to the body that he had obtained leave to carry it home in a cloth, that he might examine it more carefully. It was a very slippery, wet day, and as he was passing the open door of the dying man the professor had stumbled, and the head, slipping out of the cloth, had rolled into the house; then, in a moment when they were all occupied with the dying man, he had pursued it and whipped it up into the cloth again, and hoped it had not been observed.

The Buried Poems.
On one occasion Mr. Hare visited Arlidge Lodge, where Lady Arlidge talked of the death of Mme. Dante Gabriel Rossetti:

"Her husband felt so completely that all his living interests were buried with his wife that he laid his unpublished poems under her dead head, and they were buried with her. But after a year had passed his feeling about his wife was calmed, while the longing for his poems grew daily, and people urged him that he was forcing a loss upon the world. And the coffin of the poor lady was taken up and opened to get at the poems. For one moment Mme. Rossetti was visible in all her radiant loveliness, as if she were asleep; then she sank into dust. She was buried with her Testament under her pillow on one side and her husband's poems on the other."

Rejuvenation of Pearls.
The Duke of Teck was also present and told a remarkable tale of an old lady in Germany, an ancestress of his, who had the most glorious pearl necklace in the world:

When she died she desired that the pearl necklace might be buried with her. And the family were very sorry to part with their aged relative, but they were still more sorry to part with the family jewels, and in time their grief for the old lady was assuaged, but their grief for the pearl necklace was never assuaged at all, and at last there came a moment when they dug up the coffin and took the pearl necklace from the aged neck. But, behold, the pearls were quite spoiled and had lost all their luster and beauty. Then pearl doctors were summoned—men who were learned in such things—and they said that the only thing which would restore the beauty of the pearls would be if three beautiful young ladies would wear them constantly and let the pearls drink in all their youth and beauty. So the eldest daughter of the house took them and wore them constantly, and all the beauty and brilliancy of her loveliness flowed into the pearls, which grew brighter and better every day. And as her beauty faded another daughter of the house took them, and so three beautiful young ladies took them and wore them in three generations, till, when sixty years were passed, the pearls were so beautiful and glorious, so filled with youth and radiance, that there is no such pearl necklace to the whole world.

James K. Hackett in His Revival of "Don Caesar de Bazan," a Characterization That Has Been Praised and Scored in Turn by the Eastern Critics.

Miss Josephine Ludwig of St. Louis, Who Is About to Make Her New York Debut at the Broadway Theater, Under the Management of Henry W. Savage.

HOLDS RECORD FOR VENERABLE VOTERS.

A KNOX COUNTY, INDIANA, DISTINCTION.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

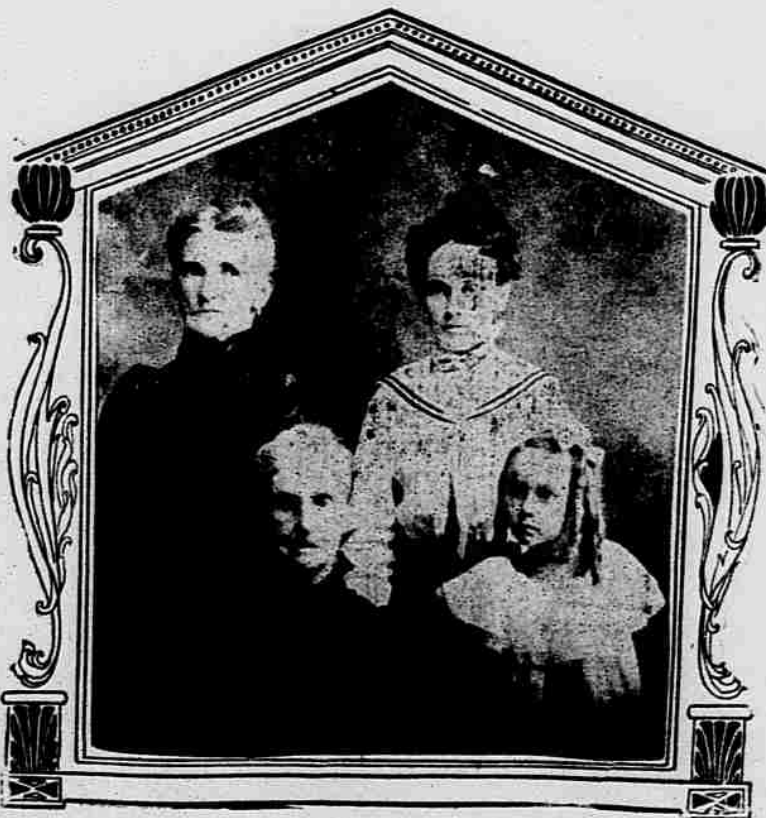
Vincennes, Ind., Sept. 4.—Knox County, it is claimed, holds the Southern Indiana record for longevity among its voting population. A recent canvass shows the county has 568 voters between the ages of 60 and 70 years, 269 voters between 70 and 80 and 52 above 80.

The oldest voter in the county is Christian Eberwine, aged 92 years; the oldest native born is Louis L. Watson, but three months the junior of Mr. Eberwine; Vetel Bouchie, spry and active, but totally blind, at 91, is also native born. The three reside in this city. Jacob Summitt of Harrison Township is 90 years old.

The octogenarians are: Johnson Township, Peter Catt 81, Benjamin Robinson 80; Palmyra Township, G. W. Smith 83; Widner Township, Simon Hense 82, Henry Kruse, Jr., 80, John Starnes 83; Vigo Township, C.

H. Clendennen 88, J. M. Hadden 82, S. T. Johnson 82, Christian Niedringhaus 80, Alfred Simonson 86; Steen Township, Samuel Dillon 84, Batt Mitchell (colored) 80; Washington Township, Samuel House 80, John Mayfield 80; Vincennes Township, H. M. Smith 80, George Weisenberger 80, A. J. Buley 86, J. C. Bever 82, John Brockman 81, Fred Brown 84, Fred Burse 85, John Bennett 80, Elias Bliss 84, John Halgenorth 80, Noah Carey 80, Jacob Dralim 80, John B. Dofar 81, David L. Dunn 80, Frank Dubois 82, William Davidson 82, William Green 80, E. G. Gardner 81, John Harrel 83, G. R. Harvey 82, Moses Lyons 82, Michael Murphy 82, C. R. Powell 81, John Pierce 80, John Reep 80; Harrison Township, James Ballard 83, Jonas Dellinger 80, Frank Miller 81, David Reel 83, Nathan Sparks 86; Bussertown Township, Adam Bond 82, R. R. Sprout 83, Benjamin Sprout 87.

FOUR GENERATIONS OF AN ILLINOIS FAMILY.



Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Carlyle, Ill., Sept. 2.—The above picture represents four generations, all members of a well-known family in this locality. The oldest person of the group is Mrs. Sarah Chesney, aged 74 years. The other three are: Mrs. Julia Deremiah, daughter; Mrs. Jacob Baston, Jr., granddaughter, and Miss Grace Baston, great-granddaughter of Mrs. Chesney.

FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE GILMORE FAMILY.



Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Adrian, Mo., Sept. 6.—Thirty-five years ago Samuel W. Gilmore came from Kentucky and settled in Bates County. Born in 1808, he is now 93 years old. Including himself, there are four generations of the Gilmore family shown in the above picture.

living here. The son, Doctor E. R. Gilmore, is 64 years old and a prominent member of the medical fraternity of this State. The grandson, W. R. Gilmore, is also a practicing physician here with his father, Master Eugene Gilmore, 17 years old, is the youngest of the family.

WHY A LAWYER'S SPEECH FELL FLAT.

A MISSOURI COURT STORY.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Macou, Mo., Sept. 4.—About the meanest and most exasperating trick one lawyer could work on another was played by Bert D. Norton of New Cambria, Republican nominee for Circuit Judge at the last judicial election, on D. R. Hughes of Macou in Justice E. L. Stephenson's court at Lingo. A poor old man had been arrested for mistreating his family, and after having pleaded guilty and paid the penalty, was being tried to see whether he should be bound over to keep future peace.

When he was taken off his farm, some fifteen miles out in the country, the only person to show any sympathy toward the prisoner was an old yellow cur, that leaped the fence and followed him to the trial. Hughes, as counsel for defendant, heard of the dog incident and at the noon recess asked the Court if he would permit him to ring in Senator Vest's famous "dog speech" in his closing argument and not give him away until the verdict was in. The Court said "Yes," but it is surmised the State's attorney, Norton, got a tip some way.

Most Missourians have read the speech referred to, in which the Senator said: "The only absolutely unselfish thing that man can love in this selfish world, the one that never deserts him, the one that never proves ungrateful or treacherous, is his dog. A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground, where the gnaty winds blow and the snow drives

fiercely, if he may only be near his master's side."

Hughes delivered the speech in a manner that would have met the Missouri Senator's warmest approval, and a few of the jurymen wiped their eyes. There was something more than a "buzz of applause" when the lawyer for the dog's owner sat down, and Dan knew if the thing stopped there his client was a free man and could go and lick his family again if he so minded.

But he turned pale when he saw Norton get up to close for the State and begin reaching around in his hip pocket, not for a revolver, but for something far more deadly just at that time. It was a country paper that had reprinted the dog speech in full.

When Norton began firing it off with all the oratorical vigor for which he is noted, Dan and the dog shed tears, but the jurymen and spectators laughed. They saw that the pathetic language of the venerable statesman might be applied to any one of the million miserable yellow curs of Missouri as well as the mournful specimen in court, and that all that fine array of work was originally put together by a man who had never seen the defendant's four-legged friend. It was a very impolite thing for Norton to do, and Dan told him

But the trouble was the jury simply disregarded the dog story altogether, found the client guilty and made him put up a \$1,000 bond to keep the peace.



MILDRED MAE WILSON.

A versatile elocutionist and musician of Wellsville, Mo. Miss Wilson is now the guest of St. Louis friends.